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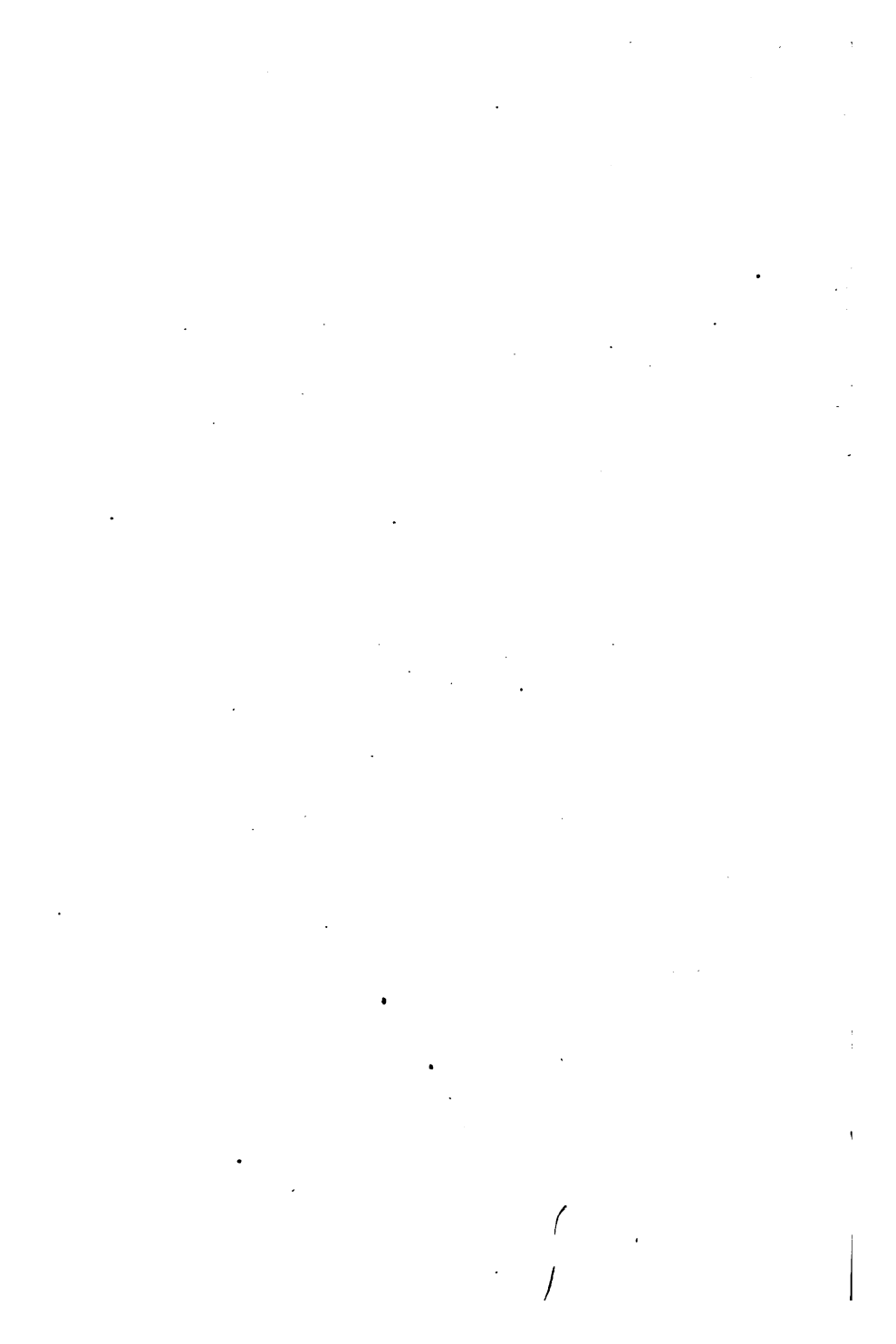
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THE HOOSIER'S NEST

AND OTHER POEMS.



THE
HOOSIER'S NEST,
AND OTHER POEMS.

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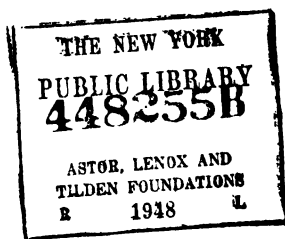
BY JOHN FINLEY.

✓ ,

CINCINNATI:
MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN, PRINTERS,
No. 25 WEST FOURTH STREET.

1866.

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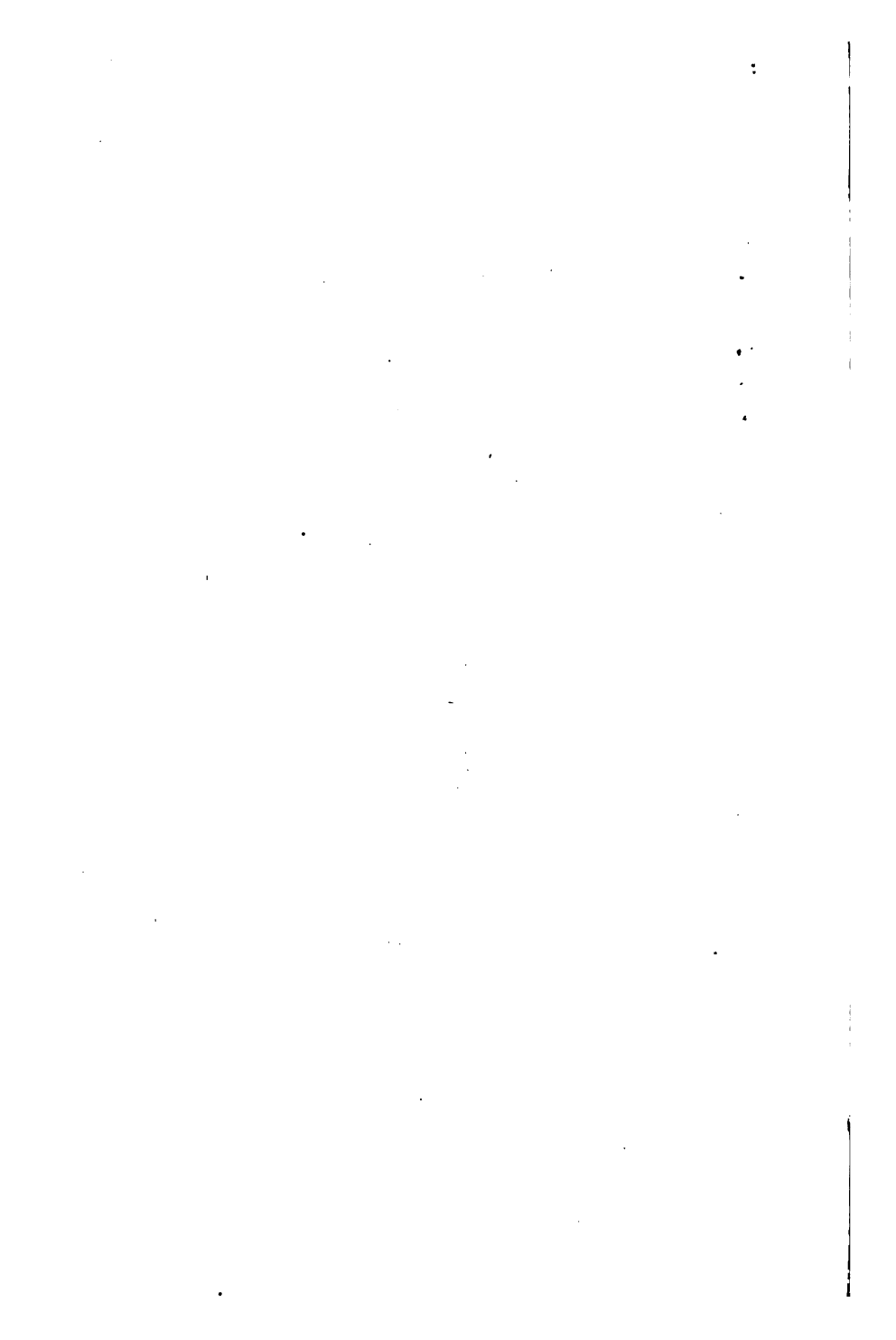
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P R E F A C E.

AT the time when most of the following pieces were written, it was an amusement of my early life, at leisure hours, and on the passing occurrences of the day, while unemployed at a laborious occupation.

To those who lived at that period, they may bring remembrances of the times then passing, and all may be more or less amused and instructed by the various subjects presented to them. I have the consolation of having written nothing immoral or indecent in the course of my life. Many of my productions have gone the rounds of the newspaper press, and seem to have been approved; but, through the urgency of my friends, I am induced to make a publication in collected form.

Had I cultivated the "poetic vein," of which I felt myself capable, I might have offered something more

worthy of public consideration. As it is, the liberal public will appreciate the *circumstances* and *times* under which they were written. The events of the late war have given many a theme to the poetic pen, of which I might have availed myself, had not my own peculiar loss been too great.

THE HOOSIER'S NEST.

UNTAUGHT the language of the schools,
Nor versed in scientific rules,
The humble bard may not presume
The literati to illumine;
Or classic cadences indite,
Attuned "to tickle ears polite;"
Contented if his strains may pass
The ordeal of the common mass,
And raise an anti-critic smile,
The brow of labor to beguile.

But ever as his mind delights
To follow fancy's airy flights,
Some object of terrestrial mien
Uncourteously obtrudes between,
And rudely scatters to the winds
The tangled threads of thought he spins.
Yet why invoke imagination
To picture out a new creation,
When nature, with a lavish hand,

Has formed a more than fairy land
 For us—an El Dorado real,
 Surpassing even the ideal?

Then who can view the glorious *West*,
 With all her hopes for coming time,
 And hoard his feelings unexpressed
 In poetry or prose, or *rhyme*?
 What mind and matter, unrevealed,
 Shall unborn ages here disclose!
 What latent treasures, long concealed,
 Be disinterred from dark repose!
 Here Science shall impel her car*
 O'er blended valley, hill, and plain;
 While Liberty's bright natal star
 Shines twinkling on her own domain.

Yes, land of the West! thou art happy and free!
 And thus evermore may thy hardy sons be,
 Whilst thy ocean-like prairies are spread far and wide,
 Or a tree of thy forests shall tower in pride.

Blest Indiana! in thy soil
 Are found the sure rewards of toil,
 Where honest poverty and worth
 May make a Paradise on earth.

* Railroads were problematical in 1880, when this was written.

With feelings proud we contemplate
 The rising glory of our State ;
 Nor take offense by application
 Of its good-natured appellation.
 Our hardy yeomanry can smile
 At tourists of " the sea-girt isle,"
 Or wits who travel at the gallop,
 Like Basil Hall or Mrs. Trollope.
 'Tis true among the crowds that roam
 To seek for fortune or a home,
 It happens that we often find
 Empiricism of every kind.

A strutting fop, who boasts of knowledge,
 Acquired at some far eastern college,
 Expects to take us by surprise,
 And dazzle our astonished eyes.
 He boasts of learning, skill, and talents
 Which, in the scale, would Andes balance ;
 Cuts widening swaths from day to day,
 And in a month he runs away.

Not thus the honest son of toil,
 Who settles here to till the soil,
 And with intentions just and good,
 Acquires an ample livelihood:
 He is (and not the little-great)
 The bone and sinew of the State.
 With six-horse team to one-horse cart,

We hail them here from every part ;
 And some you 'll see, *sans* shoes or socks on,
 With *snake-pole* and a yoke of oxen ;
 Others with pack-horse, dog, and rifle,
 Make emigration quite a trifle.
 The emigrant is soon located—
 In Hoosier life initiated ;
 Erects a cabin in the woods,
 Wherein he stows his household goods.
 At first, round logs and clapboard roof,
 With puncheon floor, quite carpet proof,
 And paper windows, oiled and neat,
 His edifice is then complete,
 When four clay balls, in form of plummet,
 Adorn his wooden chimney's summit.
 Ensconced in this, let those who can
 Find out a truly happier man.
 The little youngsters rise around him,
 So numerous they quite astound him ;
 Each with an ax or wheel in hand,
 And instinct to subdue the land.
 Erelong the cabin disappears,
 A spacious mansion next he rears ;
 His fields seem widening by stealth,
 An index of increasing wealth ;
 And when the hives of Hoosiers *swarm*,
 To each is given a noble farm.

These are the seedlings of the State,
 The stamina to make the great.
 'T is true, her population, various,
 Find avocations multifarious ;
 But having said so much, 't would seem
 No derogation to my theme,
 Were I to circumscribe the space,
 To picture but a single case ;
 And if my muse be not seraphic,
 I trust you 'll find her somewhat graphic.

I'm told, in riding somewhere West,
 A stranger found a *Hoosier's nest*—
 In other words, a buckeye cabin,
 Just big enough to hold Queen *Mab* in ;
 Its situation, low, but airy,
 Was on the borders of a prairie ;
 And fearing he might be benighted,
 He hailed the house, and then alighted.

The Hoosier met him at the door—
 Their salutations soon were o'er.
 He took the stranger's horse aside,
 And to a sturdy sapling tied ;
 Then having stripped the saddle off ;
 He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in—
 The entrance closing with a pin—

And manifested strong desire
 To seat him by the log-heap fire,
 Where half-a-dozen *Hoosieroons*,
 With mush-and-milk, tin-cups, and spoons,
 White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
 Seemed much inclined to keep their places.
 But Madam, anxious to display
 Her rough but undisputed sway,
 Her offspring to the ladder led,
 And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake
 Of venison, milk, and *johnny cake*,
 The stranger made a hearty meal,
 And glances round the room would steal.

One side was lined with divers garments,
 The other spread with skins of *varmints* ;
 Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
 Where venison hams in plenty hung;
 Two rifles placed above the door ;
 Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
 In short, the domicile was rife
 With specimens of Hoosier life.

The host, who centered his affections
 On game, and *range*, and *quarter sections*,
 Discoursed his weary guest for hours,
 Till Somnus' all-composing powers
 Of sublunary cares bereft 'em ;

And then——

No matter how the story ended;
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That “ buirdly chiels and clever hizzies
Are bred in sic’ a way as this is.”

LINES,

WRITTEN ON OPENING A MOUND ON THE BANK OF WHITEWATER,
NEAR RICHMOND, IND., CONTAINING A HUMAN SKELETON.

YEAR after year its course has sped,
Age after age has passed away,
And generations born and dead
Have mingled with their kindred clay,
Since this rude pile, to memory dear,
Was watered by affection's tear.

Perhaps this mold'ring human frame,
In death's dark slumber wrapt so long,
Once wore the magic of a name,
The pride of chivalry and song;
And this once animated earth
Haply a noble soul enshrined,
A feeling heart, of sterling worth,
A genius bright, tho' unrefined.
Perhaps—but let conjecture cease.
Departed spirit, rest in peace!

No legend tells thy hidden tale,
Thou relic of a race unknown!
Oblivion's deepest, darkest veil

Around thy history is thrown ;
Fate, with an arbitrary hand,
Inscribed thy story on the sand.

The sun, in whose diurnal race
Was measured out thy earthly span,
Exhibits his unaltered face,
And mocks the brevity of man.
The hill, the plain, where thou hast trod,
Are yearly clad in garments green,
Whilst thou hast lain beneath the sod,
Unconscious of the lovely scene.
Yet roll the river's limpid waves,
Where thou of yore wert wont to drink,
And yet its rising current laves
The rock that overhangs its brink :
But rock and river, hill and plain,
To chaos shall return again ;
And e'en the radiant orb of day,
Like thee, frail man, must pass away !

THE SONG OF THE REFORMED.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HORACE GREELEY, THE ADVOCATE
OF OPPRESSED HUMANITY.

I'm free! I'm free! The chain is broke
That bound me in the demon's thrall;
I've cast away the servile yoke,
And stand unfettered once for all—
Upheld above the tyrant's power,
Who triumphed in an evil hour.

I'm free! I feel it in my soul—
Again elate with living hope,
My spirit bounds beyond control,
To give my joyous feelings scope;
The only cloud to overcast,
Scowls from the much-lamented past.

Here in astonishment I pause
To view my course—and feel I live;
I would not be the thing I was,
For all this teeming earth can give:
I would not wade that slough again,
To be the mightiest of men.

No more—accursed thing!—no more
 Thy poison shall imbrue my brain;
 Thy soul-degrading charm is o'er,
 And ended thy despotic reign;
 A wall surrounds thy whirlpool's edge,
 The Washingtonian's hallowed pledge.

No more a wife with stricken mien
 Shall dread my truant footstep's fall;
 No more debased shall I be seen,
 Before my compeers, one and all,
 Nor children wonder and admire,
 To see their father's face on fire.

Henceforth I run a new career,
 Awakened to the light of day;
 Wife, children, friends unite to cheer
 My spirit in its onward way;
 And would to God that all with me
 Could join the shout, "I'm free! I'm free!"

THE CLOCK.

THOU busy chronicler of Time,
 But brief recorder of his flight !
 How often doth thy startling chime
 Disturb the slumbers of the night,
 Obtruding on our prostrate powers,
 The knell of fastly fleeting hours !

When wrapped in meditation deep,
 Or borne on fancy's wings away,
 The mind, triumphant over sleep,
 Is imaging fictitious day—
 That bell of thine ! O, how unkind,
 To mar the holiday of mind !

Thou art indeed provoking, yet
 'T is said thou art a thing of use,
 And never faithful servant met
 With more unmerited abuse ;
 But thou art ever sure to run
 Too *slow* or *fast* for every one.

I would not wantonly decry
 The enemy of my repose,

But I will instance, by and by,
 Some facts which everybody knows;
 And leave the reader to decide,
 How far thy merits are belied.

Thus, when a youthful, loving pair
 Are seated by the evening fire,
 Secure from all intrusion there,
 By mother sly or surly sire,
 (As many of my readers know)
 The clock goes any way but slow.

But when the happy hour is named,
 To bind two willing hearts in one,
 I wonder thou art not ashamed
 At such a snailish rate to run;
 Thy more than gum-elastic powers
 Then stretch the minutes into hours.

The debtor who 's compelled to pay
 A note in bank at three o'clock,
 And strives to raise it every way,
 Without a sacrifice of stock,
 Knows very well that clocks will run
 A great deal faster than the sun.

Again—when brought by sickness low,
 The suff'rer lies in lingering pain,

He notes thy hands, how very slow,
While hoping some relief to gain ;
Attentive to no other sound
Than that tick-ticking, round and round.

Let these suffice—I soon could bring
A thousand cases more to prove
Thou art at times a hasty thing,
And then anon will scarcely move;
But here contentedly I pause,
And with the reader leave the cause.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

Ye fair ones, attend! I've an offer to make ye;
 In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to live;
 "For better, for worse," a companion I'll take me,
 Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,
 For that never yet was a bachelor's lot;
 But, choosing a wife, I would make a selection
 Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—no, I'd not have a beauty,
 For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
 Yet, with a small share I would think it a duty
 To take her, be thankful, and never complain.

Her form must be good, without art to constrain it,
 And rather above than below middle size;
 A something—(it puzzles my brain to explain it,)
 Like eloquent language, must flow from her eyes.

She must be well-bred, or I could not respect her,
 Good-natured and modest, but not over coy;

Her mind well informed—'t is the purified nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

Her age I would have at the least to be twenty,
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most;
And girls of that age being everywhere plenty,
I hope to get one of the numerous host.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, or the pomp of high life;
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection:
And now I have drawn you a sketch of a wife.

Whoever possesses the said requisitions,
And fain would be bound with the conjugal band,
Will please to step forward—she has the conditions;
“Inquire of the Printer;” I'm always at hand.

NOTE.—The following response to the above appeared in the Frederick (Md.) *Herald*, too late (unfortunately, perhaps,) for the lady writer, as the author had been, in mercantile phrase, “suited in the article,” and of “superior quality,” to “order.” We hope, however, that the republication of the fair one's in-

genious answer will not be considered as legitimate ground for any legal procedure.

ANSWER.

From the Frederick (Md.) Herald.

COME, "Stranger," attend! at your offer I take you;
 In Hymen's soft bands I am willing to live;
 For better, for worse, a companion I'll make you,
 If, only, I fill the description you give.

'Tis just as you say—I fall short of perfection,
 For that seldom comes to a young lady's lot;
 But take me for a wife, and you'll make a selection
 Which many a man with less judgment would not.

I've not—yes, I see—I have not too much beauty,
 For to tempt you with beauty would surely be vain;
 With a very small share, then, I think it my duty
 To own it, be candid, and not to complain.

My form's just the thing—I'm not used to constrain it;
 I'm just five feet six—'tis the prettiest size;
 And that very something—we can not explain it—
 But I see that it flows in bright streams from my eyes.

Good-breeding I have—any wager I'll lay it—
 'Tis known that I'm modest, good-natured, not coy;

My mind is well stored, though too modest to say it,
 Were it aught but to sweeten the cup of thy joy.

Of all places on earth I love home, and employment
 Is sweetest when busied in household affairs ;
 But to me it would be the chief source of enjoyment
 To soften thy troubles and lighten thy cares.

My age, how well suited ! I'm just one-and-twenty ;
 My youthful appearance is always my boast ;
 And though girls of this age may be everywhere plenty,
 I'll vouch that there is not my like in the host.

I am not worth two-pence, nor is that an objection,
 For a match made by jewels and gold we despise ;
 I'd soon learn to live on the sweets of affection,
 You'd drink of the fountain of love that ne'er dies.

Good stranger, I answer to each requisition,
 And fain would I yield me to Hymen's soft band ;
 Quite frankly I've told you my form and condition,
 And now still more frankly your *heart* I demand.

Yours, etc.

JANUARY 2, 1839.

WHAT IS FAITH?

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean ;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen ;
It is the anchor of the soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.

Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's bark,
Directs his wanderings from afar,
To reach the holy Ark ;
It points his course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven ;
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given ;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

Faith is the mountain rock,
Whose summit towers on high,

Secure above the tempest's shock,
 An inmate of the sky ;
Fixed on a prize of greater worth,
It views with scorn the things of earth.

Faith is the lightning's flash,
 That rends the solid rock,
From which the living waters gush
 At every vivid shock ;
While Sinai's awful thunders roll
Around the self-convicted soul.

The faith that works by love,
 And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
 To mortals can impart :
The Christian's faith is simply this—
A passport to immortal bliss.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

DECEPTION.—Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—*Bulwer.*

WOULD'ST thou know that which constitutes grief's
 deepest anguish,
 Which fills to the brim bitter misery's cup—
 Causes life's vernal flowers to wither and languish,
 And dries every fountain of happiness up ?

It is *not* when adversity triumphs in ruin,
 When poverty threatens starvation and death ;
 When detraction and calumny round us are brewing,
 And Slander emits her pestiferous breath :

Nor is it when lingering health has departed,
 And left us to struggle with pain and disease ;
 Nor loss of a friend or a brother true-hearted—
 No ! pangs it inflicts yet more poignant than these.

But it is when the heart that abhors all deception,
 Devotes to one object its love all sincere ;

Unreserv'dly bestows its unbounded affection,
Enraptured to think it reciprocal there !

But, ah ! while fond hope is embracing fruition,
And joy's brightest visions cheer sweetly the mind ;
What language can paint its despair-fraught condition,
When duped by a heart fickle, false, and unkind ?

'T is this can impart that superlative sorrow,
Whose sad desolation time can not repair ;
Which to-day finds its victim in bliss—but to-morrow
Brings nothing but wretchedness, grief, and despair.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A MINISTER OF
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS TO A
DISTANT COUNTRY.

Go, messenger of Peace! and bear
Glad tidings to a distant land ;
Go, give thy testimony where
The blessed Spirit gives command ;
And may that Spirit guide thy feet
Through perils thou wilt surely meet !

Go, though thy fond, reluctant friends
Would gladly here thy steps detain,
Yet where our Heav'nly Master sends,
We trust he will not send in vain ;
But, as thy warning voice is heard,
Dispense the blessings of His Word.

Go, while in solemn silence we
Assemble at the altar's base,
And there in spirit join with thee,
Till we again may see thy face,
Or be prepared to meet thee where
The just, the good, the humble are.

Farewell, loved Friend ! and with thee bear
Our warmest wishes for thy weal ;
And choicest blessings be thy share,
Proportion'd to thy ardent zeal—
Thy errand sped, thy service done,
A crown of glory 's lost or won.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
GEN. GILBERT MOTIER LAFAYETTE.

MOURN not the patriot's death,
Suppress the bursting tear;
Our wailings are but wasted breath—
He should not linger here;
Nor we the selfish wish record,
To keep him from his high reward.

A lengthened span of life
To Lafayette was given;
Enough for trouble, toil, and strife:
We give him up to Heav'n;
The Hero, Patriot, and Sage
Departed in a good old age.

His noble spirit long
Was lent to bless the world;
A theme for history and song—
A glorious flag unfurled,
Which freemen hailed with proud delight,
Whilst tyrants trembled at the sight.

The honors of the earth
Were showered on his head,
Both by the land that gave him birth,
And that for which he bled;
While all the world, with loud acclaim,
Accords just tributes to his name.

Then rather let us strive
To emulate his deeds,
Than wish the honored dead alive,
Or clothe in sable weeds;
For ever green his fame will be—
A watchword to the brave and free.

HENRY CLAY.

Written for the Boston "Clay Club."

THERE's a noble name on the lips of fame,
 And echoed by many a tongue ;
 From Georgia to Maine, hill, valley, and plain
 Resound with his praises sung.
 From his place of birth to remotest earth
 Is spreading his fair renown,
 And the good and great, town, city, and state,
 Are wreathing his civic crown.
 Then with laurels won deck Freedom's son,
 And add to his proud array,
 "The star of the West," for the brilliant crest
 Of the patriot, HENRY CLAY.

There's a bugle blast on the four winds cast
 For the "Old Dominion's" own,
 And every mound of the "Bloody Ground"
 Hath swelled to that trumpet tone ;
 At his country's call, in senate and hall,
 He strove for the rights of man,
 And true to his post, in himself a host,
 He gallantly led the van.
 Then with laurels won, etc.

In the fearful hour when faction's power
Had threatened the land with blood,
When the timid quailed, and the valiant failed,
Alone in the breach he stood.
To his ardent zeal for his country's weal
Be the highest honors paid,
And the statesman sage, at a good old age,
In a peaceful tomb be laid.
Then with laurels won, etc.

THE well-known ballad, "Old Grimes is Dead," etc., having taken the round of the newspapers, followed by a description of other members of the family, an omission is supplied by giving—

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

OLD GRIMES's dog is living yet,
But very old is he;
He used to be a famous cur
For barking up a tree.

He rambles o'er the fields all day,
At night brings home the cows;
His name is Towzer, but, for short,
The children call him Towz.

A faithful servant he has been,
And in no duty slack—
His color, spotted, black, and white;
His tail curls o'er his back.

His mouth had once a Crockett grin,
But not to mischief prone;
They feed him now on mush-and-milk—
He can not gnaw a bone.

This dog was never known to bite
A stranger passing by;
When hungry he delights to eat,
And drinks when he is dry.

The memory of such a dog
Should always sacred be;
And those who doubt what I have said,
May go themselves and see.

IN BEHALF OF THE LADIES IN 1834,

BUT APPLICABLE TO THE PRESENT TIME OF "LADIES' RIGHTS"

DISCUSSION.

THE self-styled "Lords of the Creation"

May sneer and jeer, and fret and frown ;

But all the slovens in the nation

Can't put the ladies' fashions down.

What right have they, the clownish clan,

To fix the size of sleeve or bonnet?

For not a well-bred gentleman

Would waste a single thought upon it.

They'll praise an ankle small and neat,

But fault the shortness of the dress ;

I wonder if it swept the street,

If they would grumble then the less?

Whose business is it if we wear

Our "Dunstables" or "leg-o'-mutton?" *

They may dress rustic as the bear,

Do we dictate? No, not a button.

* Fashions for bonnets and sleeves at that time.

Is it for slovens to decide
Who are or not too tightly laced?
Shall tyrant man's despotic pride
Prescribe the limits of a waist?

Shame on the slouching, lounging race,
Who daily at the corners swarm,
To gaze in every lady's face,
And make remarks on dress or form!

Go, mend your manners—mend your lives,
Ere shame and virtue quite forsake you
Then, if you wish to make us wives,
We'll know exactly how to take you.

TO A TROUBLESOME POETICAL CORRE-
SPONDENT OF THE — PAPER.

WABBLER of the unfledged wing,
Hear a friend a minute:
Birds must chirp before they sing,
Be they owl or linnet.

Songsters often leave their nest
On unpracticed pinions;
And when weary, take their rest
In quadruped dominions.

Flutter not too far from home,
Hawks may hover o'er you;
Eagle's young may farther roam,
Yet they might eke devour you.

Would you climb Parnassus' mount?
Rocks and cliffs oppose you;
Would you taste Castalia's fount?
Quicksands may inclose you.

Pegasus oft unruly proves,
When novices bestride him,
And yet the pony dearly loves
The vet'ran muse to ride him.

But if Fate forbid your rise
To mansions Heliconian,
Content yourself with tearless eyes,
Or rub them with an onion.

IMPROMPTU,

ON WITNESSING A NEGRO MARRIAGE.

MAY joys connubial be theirs,
To bless them with a score of heirs,
Quadruplets, triplets, and in pairs,
 With now and then an unit;
While Afric kindred dance and sing,
Cut "Juba" and the "pigeon-wing,"
And make the noisy banjo ring
 As long as they can tune it.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

TUNE—"Hail to the Chief."

HAIL to the day that gave birth to a nation!
 And hail each remembrance it annu'lly brings!
 Hail Independence! thy stern declaration
 Gave Freedom a home in defiance of kings.
 Britain's despotic sway
 Trammeled thy early day,
 Infant America, "child of the skies,"
 Till with a daring hand
 Freedom's immortal band
 Severed thy shackles and bid thee arise!

Then was the standard of Liberty planted—
 The star-spangled banner proud floated on high;
 Columbia's sons met the foemen undaunted,
 With firm resolution to conquer or die.
 Precious the prize they sought,
 Dearly that prize they bought:
 Freedom and peace cost the blood of the brave.
 Heaven befriended them,
 Fortune attended them—
 Liberty triumphed o'er tyranny's grave!

Peace to those patriots, heroes, and sages,
Whose glorious legacy now we enjoy!
May it descend to the world's latest ages,
Like primitive gold, without any alloy!
Then let our motto be,
"Union and Liberty,"
High on our national banner enshrined,
Like a bright morning star,
Glittering from afar,
Casting its beams o'er the world of mankind.

TO INTEMPERANCE.

THOU haggard fiend! thou monster fell!

Thou—worse than sword or pestilence—
Insatiate Minister of Hell!

Hie to thy cavern—get thee hence!

Thou stalk'st the earth by day and night,
Still seeking whom thou may'st devour;
And woe to the deluded wight
Who falls the victim of thy power.

The widow's and the orphan's tears
Bedew thy footsteps o'er the land;
The cherished hopes for future years
Are blighted by thy ruthless hand.

At thy unhallow'd, searing touch,
Peace, honor, virtue, all recede;
And thy free gifts to man are such,
That ruin is thy richest meed.

Thy altar is the drunkard's lips,
Thy incense crowns the midnight bowl;
And whilst devotedly he sips,
Destruction's billows whelm his soul.

O for the thunder's voice to tell
The ruin thou hast spread around!
To break thy baneful, magic spell,
Heav'n, earth, and hell should hear the sound.

THE MILLER.

AN ANECDOTE.

"ONCE on a time," ('tis no great matter when,)
There lived, (and 'tis as little matter where,)
A dusty miller, much like other men,
But of life's ills he had a double share,
And of the "good things" scarcely one in ten;
But what most vexed this mealy son of care,
He had to combat all the ills of life,
With an outrageous termagant to wife.

The mill was situate in such a place,
That to pass to and fro without much trouble,
A single plank was laid across the race;
(Far better, 't will be seen, had it been double.)
One day, well laden, at his usual pace—
Which, by the by, was but a limping hobble—
He tried the plank, and half way o'er had got him,
When bag and miller—souse!—went to the bottom!

A kind, officious neighbor ran to tell
The tragic story to the miller's wife;

How broke the plank, and how the miller fell—

And how he lost the bag, and—lost his life.

But 'twas no time on themes like this to dwell;

He briefly told the miller's watery strife.

"See there again!" exclaimed the vixen hag ;

"Lord ! what a fuss will be about that bag!"

TO MY OLD COAT.

AND must we part, my good old friend?
Ah me! it grieves me sorely;
I can no more thy tatters mend,
The stitches hold so poorly.
With patch on patch, for many a year,
I've kept thee snug together;
And clad in thee I had no fear
For any kind of weather.
Through wet and dry, thro' cold and rain,
With pride I always wore thee;
And it was sure to give me pain,
If e'er by chance I tore thee.
Thou wast my father's wedding coat,
And I have heard him mention,
He wore thee, buttoned to the throat,
To catch the girls' attention;
For then the martial figure stood
In highest estimation:
No wonder, with a coat so good,
He raised their admiration.
Five times in fashion thou hast been,
Twice turned, and often mended;

The like of thee I ne'er have seen,

But now thy days are ended.

When first I wore thee "every day,"

It brought to mind my mother:

"Tim, save that coat," she used to say,

"Thou'lt ne'er get such another."

Yes, I'll preserve thy relics still,

And learn by thy example,

My every duty to fulfill,

Though fate should on me trample.

WHAT IS LIFE?

LIFE is a summer day,
The morn serenely bright;
We hail with joy each gilded ray,
Unmindful of the night;
But storms and tempests intervene,
Ere Evening drops her sable screen.

Life is the rolling year,
Its vernal blossoms shoot,
And Summer's genial atmosphere
Matures autumnal fruit;
But many fruits unripened fall,
And hoary Winter sweeps them all.

Life is the purling rill,
In our incipient years,
Still widening and enlarging still,
Adown this vale of tears;
At length it mingles with the sea,
That "vasty deep," Eternity.

Life is that ocean wide,
Where many millions sail,

Tossed to and fro by wind and tide,
The sport of every gale;
Their fragile barks the breakers court,
And few attain the wished-for port.

Life is the allotted space
That God to man has given,
Where erring mortals, by His grace,
May find their way to Heaven:
It is the time for man to prove,
His fitness for a world of love.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

IN IMITATION OF THE IRISH.

BACHELOR'S Hall! What a quare-looking place it is!

Kape me from sich all the days of my life!

Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,

Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the ould bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,

Placing his tay-kittle over the fire;

Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough

(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

Then like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,

Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;

Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,

How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dish-cloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it—

In the pursuit he has battered his shin;

A plate wanted washing—Grimalkin is scouring it;

Tunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting so ;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can ;
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so ;
Och ! let him alone for a baste of a man !

Pots, dishes, pans, and sich grasy commodities,
Ashes and praty-skins kiver the floor ;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night then he goes to bed shiverin' ;
Niver the bit is the bed made at all ;
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin' :
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall !

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

You all have heard how Major Jack
 Is famed for letter-writing,
 And has a "leetle cuter" knack
 Than Crockett at inditing;
 For counsel to the "Government"
 No statesman could be fitter,
 But when he gets his "dander up,"
 He is a "curis critter."

O Jack Downing,
 Accomplished Major Downing.

When Major Jack was called to share
 The councils of the nation,
 His outward man, *EN MILITAIRE*,
 Produced a strong sensation;
 The culinary clan, aghast,
 Their rival viewed with wonder,
 But at each jealous look they cast,
 Why, Jack looked dark as thunder.

O Jack Downing, etc.

The "Government" was "e'en a'most"
 All in a "snarl" entangled,

When Jack stepped in to rule the roast,
 With condiments new-fangled.
 He took his slate and ciphered up
 The bank accounts and "glory,"
 And then to prove his sums "to rights,"
 He "telled" some Yankee story.
 O Jack Downing, etc.

The magic specs he learned to screw
 To any point of vision,
 Which brought the "Gin'ral's" plans into
Harmonious collision;
 Then after "slatting round a spell,"
 The Major, with his joking,
 Would mend the "hull consarn" again,
 Except the pipes they'd broken.
 O Jack Downing, etc.

The Major, as we've heard of late,
 From "Government" has parted,
 And with his bundle, ax, and slate,
 For other quarters started;
 But Congress took his case in hand,
 And at our last advices,
 That *factionous, disobedient* band
 Were using him by slices.
 O Jack Downing,
 Immortal Major Downing.

**CORONATION ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN OF
MAY, AT CENTERVILLE, IND.**

HAIL ! thou honored of us all,
Chosen sovereign of the day !
With this fragile coronal,
Thus we crown thee "Queen of May !"

'T is no pond'rous diadem,
Fraught with care to ache thy brow ;
But 't is set with many a gem,
Light as are our spirits now.

We, thy willing subjects, own
True allegiance to thy pow'r ;
'T is the power of Beauty's throne,
Ruling in this vernal hour.

Spirits of the upper air
May with pleasure view our rites—
Fairies from their grottoes share
In our innocent delights.

Queen of hearts ! thy gentle sway
Banishes all care and pain—
Bless the merry month of May !
Happy, happy be thy reign !

HOPE.

SWEET balm for all the ills of life,
When fortune frowns and cares are rife !
Soul-cheering Hope ! thou point'st the view
To future pleasures ever new,
Persuading us we can not miss
The "sober certainty of bliss."
Thou sett'st us all to castle-building,
And Fancy furnishes the gilding ;
But all our dear, delusive schemes,
Experience says, are idle dreams ;
And Reason proves each fabric vain,
Yet suffers us to build again.
Then let our hopes be merged in Faith,
To bear us o'er the stream of death,
That on her pinions we may rise
To blissful mansions in the skies.

VALEDICTORY,

ON CLOSING MY TERM AS CLERK OF THE WAYNE CO. COURTS.

FAREWELL to the Bench, and farewell to the Bar !
 My seven years' service is ended ;
 And thanks to you both were too little by far
 For kindnesses often extended.

I part in good-will, wishing peace unto all,
 Nor harbor a thought or a feeling
 That I (wheresoever my destiny fall,)
 Have reason to blush at concealing.

Hereafter, when memory flits o'er the scenes
 In this Temple of Justice enacted,
 Each fond reminiscence will add to the means
 Of pleasures sincere and protracted.

For here I have seen, in the grapplings of mind,
 Wit brightly illumine the arena;
 Though sometimes appeared, under courtesies kind,
 A glimpse of the wolf and hyena.

And here I have seen all the passions of man,
Developed in various phases,
And truths that the barrister only could scan,
Extracted from mystery's mazes.

O soon be the day when immaculate truth
Shall supersede court, bar, and clients ;
When strife shall give place to right, reason, and ruth,
And law be no longer a science !

Writs, records, and dockets, I bid you adieu !
Acquaintanceship here I would sever.
Unless you seek me more than I shall seek you,
I trust we have parted forever.

PETITION TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Written whilst Clerk of Wayne County Court.

THE Senate and House now in session,
Your orator humbly would greet,
And beg you will grant him permission
To lay his requests at your feet.

I hear you are slowly progressing
In what we have sent you to do;
And hope (as the times are distressing)
You'll hasten the business through.

The cry of "reform and retrenchment,"
Some say is the demagogue's cant;
But *these* have a sinister penchant
Your patriot views to supplant.

Stand fearlessly up to your duty,
Nor mind what the envious say;
Make sure of *your* share of the booty,
Tho' others should whistle for pay.

From officers' fees *ad valorem*
One hundred per centum withdraw;
And christen the bill (*in terrorem*,)
"*Starvation according to law.*"

Far better a *few* should be victims,
 Than draw from the *many* their dues;
 Your strong "by authority" dictums
 Make officers shake in their shoes.

Let license for marriage be gratis,
 Tho' clerks in their impotence prate;
 'Twill widen their pockets' hiatus,
 And pay off the debts of the state.

A fig for protection for minors!
 They like not a meddlesome friend;
 Their parents should hoard up the "shiners,"
 For vagabond rascals to spend.

Another great source of vexation
 Are those "complete records" of court;
 They tend to *increase* litigation,
 (At least so the *lawyers* report.)

The papers, if carefully handled,
 Will answer the purpose as well;
 And when they're a hundred times dandled,
 They're only the harder to *spell*.

The hosts of insolvents and paupers
 Should all be expected to pay,
 That clerks may rely on the coppers
 They'll gather at some future day.

The half of the fees *they* expected,
 'Tis true they can never collect:
But even if half is collected,
 'Tis more than they ought to expect.

In short, it's a useless vocation ;
 Lord knows what a trouble it makes !
Just order a *state* re-location,
 And then they must "pull up their stakes."

So, down with the fees of the "spoilers ;"
 What reason have *they* to complain ?
But while you are bursting their boilers,
 Remember the *Clerk of old Wayne*.

PROCLAMATION, EXTRA.

Now, be it known to all whom it concerns,
 Old maidens, girls, and widows, all together,
 That Cupid's flame within my bosom burns,
 Hot as the solar rays this sultry weather;
 But love, 't is said, is hot and cold by turns,
 So that by some it may be doubted whether
 Mine, being constant, is the genuine passion,
 Or something like it—just to be in fashion.

This much I know, I feel a queer emotion,
 That often makes my heart go pit-a-pat,
 My blood in tumults boiling like the ocean,
 When one dear form I see—but mum for that.
 Now, look you here: this while I've had a notion,
 (Perhaps you're guessing what I would be at?)
 No, I've concluded, ere my hand I pledge her,
 To puff her, like some others, in the Ledger.

I will not say the organs of her vision
 Are like "twin suns," resplendent in the sky,

For she might think I said it in derision ;
 (Besides, they are not so, 'twixt you and I.)
 Their color I can't tell you with precision,
 • Nor what they're like—they glance so very sly :
 I leave fine similes to better scholars ;
 But they're as bright as "two new pewter dollars."

Let other poets praise the form and features,
 The lily hand and nicely tapered waist ;
 I take no lessons from such bungling teachers,
 Though they may claim pre-eminence in taste.
 And yet I love, *en masse*, the pretty creatures,
 Especially the modest, wise, and chaste ;
 But count her best who is the greatest spinner,
 Can soonest milk a cow, or cook a dinner.

The one I've hinted at just suits my fancy,
 Tho' I am not obliged to tell her name ;
 It may be Peggy, Sally, Kate, or Nancy—
 If she knows who I mean 't is all the same.
 But who shall win her love, I'm sure I can't say,
 For I, as yet, have no exclusive claim ;
 The farthest I have gone was just to tell her
 I thought myself a pretty clever fellow.

Now bear me witness, ye of tender feeling,
 If I should die of love before my time,

You know that she has got the power of healing,

And to refuse it were a monstrous crime.

I'll sue for pity ev'ry way but kneeling,

And praise her virtues both in prose and rhyme ;

So, gentle readers, let the news be spreading,

(If I succeed,) I'll ask you to my wedding.

AUGUST, 1825.

LEGISLATIVE NEWS.

O YE in whose wisdom the people confide,
To govern the state and her laws to provide,
Only think of your fate, should some subtle temptation
Allure you from honest and just legislation,
And lead you, unwept, to political graves,
“Like a dolphin on land, or a boar on the waves.”
To exemplify this, if you ’ll lend me your ears,
I will state you a case, tho’ I do it with tears :
By some strange mistake, a bold colonel was sent,
To speak for old Wayne, and her wants represent ;
And a better to look on, I ’m sure you would say,
You would scarce chance to find on a long summer’s day.
With age and experience both on his side,
A bold, portly mien, and a queue neatly tied ;
From his size you would swear he reveled in clover,
So straight, when erect, he almost leaned over.
His qualifications he had a great crowd of,
And a grip of the hand that a bear might be proud of.
Relying on these, his *old friends* never dream’d
But his honor was even the thing which he seemed.
Yet the devil got in him as big as an ox,
And held him as fast as a thief in the stocks.

The bait that allured him I ne'er could discover,
But it whirled the old gentleman over and over.
So let me advise you in your legislation,
To guard yourselves well from the tempter's temptation.

When you write for the press, pray get over the fence,
And let ambiguity supersede sense :
Let a few *interested* ones ever command you,
And curse the dull blockhead that can't understand you.
'Tis thus you'll arrive at that summit of fame
Attained by a person 't is needless to name.
But "last, tho' not least," as the people's protectors,
Be sure to elect us some good bank directors.

TOBACCO.

THOU much abused and slandered plant !
 Poor victim of the vilest cant !
 Hast thou no champion extant,
 Tobacco ?

Are all thy lovers "on the fence,"
 O'erawed by ultra temperance,
 That none will stand in thy defense,
 Tobacco ?

No ; there is one who knows thy worth,
 Who deemed thee, almost from his birth,
 The greatest luxury on earth,
 Tobacco.

Let Antis lecture till they sweat,
 And parlor dames scold, fume, and fret ;
 Give me thy luscious juices yet,
 Tobacco.

When satiate from the board we rise,
 And sensual enjoyment flies,
 We draw on thee for fresh supplies,
 Tobacco.

'T is then with quid or Spanish nine,
 For taste and flavor superfine,
 Thy relish is almost divine,
 Tobacco.

To soothe and calm the troubled mind—
 For half the ills of human kind—
 A panacea thee we find,
 Tobacco.

For sight and taste some thousands spend,
 Or foolish fancies without end,
 But grudge a "bit" for man's best friend,
 Tobacco.

Great solace of life's humble ranks!
 Thou fillest many dreary blanks,
 For which accept our grateful thanks,
 Tobacco.

Should unrelenting fate decree
 My comforts one by one to flee,
 Divorce me last of all from thee,
 Tobacco.

A PRAYER.

GREAT FATHER of the Universe !
Eternal God of love !
Who dwellest in immensity,
Around, beneath, above ;
Whose guardian providence extends
O'er all created things !
Accept the throb of gratitude
Which from my bosom springs.

I would not ask thy bounteous hand
More blessings to bestow,
For what may suit my nature best,
Thou only, Lord, canst know.
But were it duty more to ask,
This precious boon I 'd crave,
To gratefully appreciate
The blessings which I have.

A FRAGMENT.

ELIZA ANN PERRY,
A pretty girl, very,
Was hunting the school committee.
She looked all around,
They could not be found;
Alas! she exclaimed, what a pity!
I'm a teacher, said she,
And examined I'll be—
If Julian could *only* be present;
For Wilson and Vail
I don't care a nail;
Their absence would rather be pleasant.
But since 't is my fate,
No longer I'll wait,
Nor trouble myself more about it:
A girl in her teens
Can always find *means* *
To get her a permit without them.

* The name of the lawyer who furnished the necessary certificate.

ON THE "ART OF WEAVING."

WHEN man, with innocence crowned,
 In Eden's blissful bowers reposed,
 No want ungratified was found,
 Till sin his nakedness disclosed ;
 And he, his new-born shame to hide,
 A temporary covering made,
 Till Providence the want supplied,
 And skins the pristine pair arrayed.

From sacred data thus we find
 The clothing of primeval kind ;
 And doubtless worn, in early ages,
 By belles and dandies, clowns and sages,
 With every cut, and hue and pattern,
 To suit the taste of prude or slattern ;
 Till some expert, fastidious dame,
 Ambitious of her looks or fame,
 On her invention laid a tax,
 And learned the use of wool and flax ;
 For to the gentler sex (we guess)
 Belongs the first reform in dress.
 By slow degrees the art improved ;

Her hands the twirling spindle moved ;
 The distaff and the wheel were brought,
 To draw the thread her genius wrought ;
 The warp was stretched the beam around,
 While pegs confined it to the ground :
 With patient toil each thread was spun,
 Until at length the web was done ;
 And each improvement gaining room,
 Produced, in time, the rustic loom.
 The Loom ! What form of language can
 Express its benefits to man ?
 What blessings on the human race
 To this invention might we trace !
 What substitute could fill its place ?

The Israelites, in Moses' time,
 Wove many fabrics neatly ;
 Their priests in robes of linen fine
 Were all arrayed completely.
 The battle-scenes of Greece and Troy
 In tapestries were woven,
 To show how warlike feats were done
 And heroes' skulls were cloven.
 Fair Helen and Andromache
 Excelled in carpet-weaving—
 Portraying deeds their valiant lords
 In battle were achieving.

The ancient Thebans, too, we find,
 Attained to some perfection;
 Fine fabrics round their mummies yet
 Are seen upon inspection.
 In every clime, in every age,
 Almost in every nation,
 Since Noah's time at least, the Loom
 Has been in operation.

Huzza for the Loom! the household Loom!
 And the happy homes that give it room!
 With its clicketty-clack,
 And its ricketty-rack,
 And the shuttle flying forth and back!
 O its music is worth
 All the fiddles on earth,
 When it bangs in the light of the farmer's hearth.
 What modern belle can with her compare,
 Who can spin and weave and the product wear,
 In disregard of the dandy's stare?
 Though with pride in her eye,
 She affects to be shy,
 When her lover sits by her in homespun spry;
 As she plies the Loom,
 The household Loom,
 By the evening fire in the old back room.

But those old times are giving place
 To every onward movement;
 And since the age of steam commenced,
 The watchword is, "Improvement."
 Ten thousand spindles now are heard,
 All humming like distraction;
 And shuttles rattling by the score,
 But governed to a fraction.
 Machinery is all the go,
 With pale-faced operators,
 Whom poverty compels to drudge
 For wealthy speculators.

But leaving factories to weave
 Their thousand yards per day,
 A "*Hand Loom*" claims our high regard,
 The *subject* of our lay.
 This Loom we earnestly commend,
 For all domestic use;
 Its simple harmony of parts
 Must strike the most obtuse.
 It claims *convenience*, *speed*, and *ease*,
 And having these to boast,
 The *ne plus ultra* is attained,
 At but a trifling cost.
 This Loom of Mendenhall & King

Is on the road to fame;
Superior in its character,
Excelsior is its name.
Excelsior is on the flag
That to the breeze we fling,
And claim the palm of victory
For Mendenhall & King.

THE following is the first piece ever written by the author
for publication :

MY LOVES AND HATES.

I LOVE the mortal who inherits
A generous, independent mind;
The few whose own intrinsic merits
Adorn and benefit mankind.

I hate the sordid, selfish many,
The cringing, servile, mean, and base;
The tongue that lies to gain a penny,
The knavish heart with smiling face.

I love the man who feels indignant,
When whisper'd slanders meet his ear;
Who cherishes no thoughts malignant,
But aims to keep his conscience clear.

I hate the wholesale scandal-dealer,
The petty, sly retailer too;
I hate the reputation-stealer,
The friendship mask'd with heart untrue.

I love the man whose noble spirit,
Nor wealth nor power can debase ;
In whose affections humble merit
Is ever sure to find a place.

I hate the shameless ostentation
Of hypocrites, and fools, and knaves ;
I hate the thirst for adulation,
That food of kings and breath of slaves.

In short, I love whate'er conduces
To make us happy, good, or great ;
Whatever in the mind produces
A tranquil, self-approving state.

I hate whatever can degrade us
Beneath the dignity of man ;
Whate'er dishonors Him who made us,
Or doubts the wisdom of His plan.

CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A HIGH FUNCTIONARY
OF THE UNITED STATES TO LOUIS PHILIPPE, ON THE
MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

ILLUSTRIOUS Sovereign of the Gallic nation !
My best respects to you and to your spouse ;
Accept this letter of congratulation,
Embracing all the members of your House ;
And to the Prince my special salutation,
With choicest blessings on his Princess' brows.
May their connubial joys be showered thick as—
At least as many as our cousin *Vic* has.

No doubt you hear of me across the ocean,
By each arrival visiting your strand ;
I've kept the public in a brisk commotion,
Since I succeeded to supreme command ;
And often I have had a half-way notion
"To step across" and take you by the hand.
I long to meet you as a friend and brother,
And face to face congratulate each other.

The cares of empire mingle with the pleasures,
Like acid in the sweet concocted cup ;
They give a zest which mem'ry fondly treasures,
A kind of pungent relish as we sup.

But though at times I'm thwarted in my measures,
 I'll live in future song and future story,
 The founder of a noble nation's glory.

Long may your royal line secure succession,
 Nor lack a Prince to fill your ancient throne !
 I, too, have sons I fain would give possession,
 To reap, when I am gone, the fruits I've sown ;
 But wily serpents watch my bold progression,
 Of whom I truly dread but one alone ;
 The *Ashland Chief* I fear will prove the victor ;
 Among the reptiles, he's the *Boa Constrictor* !

Alas ! I can but envy your condition,
 Enthroned for life—your subjects good and true ;
 Whilst I maintain a critical position,
 Which often makes me "feel a little blue."
 But wishing all our enemies perdition,
 I haste to bid your Majesty adieu.
 Believe me, Sire, both orally and mentally,
 Your most obedient servant—*Accidentally*.

AWAY UP EAST, *January 17, 1889.*

TO MY OLD FRIENDS, G. P. R. W. AND W. P.,

AND THEIR ASSOCIATES IN THE LABORS OF THE COMMON-
WEALTH OF THE HOOSIER NATION, GREETING:

YE legislators wise and shrewd,
Who labor for the public good,
To give the simple multitude
 A *better* code,
Forgive me if I should intrude
 On your abode.

I pray your honors to attend
To some suggestions of a friend,
Tho' they may not be smoothly penn'd
 In classic lore;
If they shall answer some good end,
 I ask no more.

I 'm told you have much trouble there,
As well as little folks elsewhere;
Misfortunes will not even spare
 The summit level,
But each of us must have a share
 In hall or hovel.

Should Modifiers * "rear and pitch,"
 Fight System-men * from *düch* to *düch*,
 And go-betweens from both sides itch
 To cast a brand in,
 Remember, we have got a niche
 For each to stand in.

The subject of improvement, then,
 Behooves us all to meet like men;
 Let no self-interest sway you when
 The balance turns;
 But mind this lesson from the pen
 Of poet Burns.

"In gath'ring votes ye were nae slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
 An' hum and haw;
 But raise your arm and tell your crack
 Before them a'."

The sovereigns of the land may think
 You care but little for the chink,
 And in the "mammoth schemes" would sink
 The Hoosier nation;

* Names of parties then in the Legislature.

So have a care, or you may st—k
The whole creation.

Now, some of us, away up East,
Have worshiped long this mammoth beast,
And waited for a splendid feast
To *rabble-rouse* on ;
But when our hopes on that have ceased,
We 've naught to browse on.

Let Whitewater, as well she might,
Appear in midway of the fight,
And bracing up front, left, and right,
Assert her power ;
You'll see, when brought in contact tight,
Who first shall cower.

Around the Capitol, I see,
You've planted each variety
Of native Hoosier forest-tree ; *
Long live the sample !
To foster them, supplies should be
Abundant, ample.

The wise projector merits praise,
And may his bust be crowned with bays,

* The State authorities have planted in the public grounds around the Capitol a young tree of every variety indigenous to the soil of Indiana.

That future patriots may gaze
With proud delight,
When treading these secluded ways,
By day and night.

Farewell! farewell! may each of you
Be welcomed home in season due,
With "well done, servants good and true,"
Clear from disasters;
And sometimes in your fancy view
ONE OF YOUR MASTERS.

MATTY'S DREAM.*

O, MATTY VAN BUREN, he dreamed a dream,
 (The fact we can all indorse;)
 He thought he must cross a very wide stream,
 And he had neither boat nor horse, horse, horse,
 And he had neither boat nor horse.

To think of a plunge in that swollen tide
 Distracted his mind with fear;
 But he saw a *White House* on t'other side,
 And "*Old Harry*" was in his rear, rear, rear,
 And "*Old Harry*" was in his rear.

Says Matty, "Here goes ; but lest I may sink,
 Swim close by my side, friend Blair."
 "Dear Matty, if you go too deep in the 'drink,'
 I'll hold you safe up by the hair, hair, hair,
 I'll hold you safe up by the hair."

* Written when Van Buren and Clay were candidates for the Presidency.

The steamer "Old Tariff" came down the stream,
And she raised the waves so high,
It changed the spirit of Matty's dream,
And he raised a fearful cry, cry, cry,
And he raised a fearful cry.

"Help, Cassius, I sink," says Matty, says he,
And Blair made a grab as he called;
But Matty's top-knot, like the Irishman's flea,
Wasn't there, for his noggin was bald, bald, bald,
Wasn't there, for his noggin was bald.

Then Van looked behind with a gurgling shriek,
And he sunk as cold as a stone,
While *Harry* shot by like a lightning streak,
In an old "dug-out" of his own, own, own,
In an old "dug-out" of his own.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM, WHICH CONTAINED THE
FOLLOWING INVITATION TO WRITE:

"My album is a garden-plot,
Where all my friends may sow," etc.

YOUR album is a garden-plot,
Where all your friends may sow;
Well, then, I'll plant a "touch-me-not,"
And see if it will grow.
It is a flower of beauty rare,
Though fragile to the touch;
I therefore hope your tender care
Will cherish it as such.

But rudely grasp it unaware,
A moral 'twill impart;
For well its nature will compare
To woman's tender heart.
Then should a bean, presumptuous grown,
Have too familiar got,
Although his merits you may own,
Remember, *touch me not*.

TO FORTUNE.

"To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her,
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor.—BURNS.

WHY, Fortune, dost thou flout me so?
 I've sought thee early, sought thee late;
 And wilt thou all thy gifts bestow
 On those already rich and great?

Yes, I have bowed before thy shrine—
 Sincere was my devotion, too;
 And I have made that homage thine,
 Which was to Heaven only due.

The day-dreams of my youth were fraught
 With expectations fix'd on thee;
 I trod on roses while I thought
 Thy darling minion I should be.

O, could I realize an hour
 Such joys as my young fancy drew,
 I would condemn imperial pow'r,
 With all the wealth of rich Peru.

But the illusive charm has flown
That bound the sanguine hopes of youth;
And sad experience has shown
The naked, the unvarnished truth.

No more the fickle dame I'll trust,
For her eccentric wheel, I find,
Is guided by a hand unjust,
And she is partial, false, and blind.

TO ———.

WRITTEN IN BEHALF OF A DISAPPOINTED FRIEND.

SMILE not on me, thou charming one;
 That look of love meets no return,
 For never more beneath the sun
 May this seared heart with transport burn;
 Then, fair one, all thy love bestow
 Where thou may'st find a mutual glow.

Smile not on me—the frown of hate
 (If it could sit upon that brow)
 Would not inflict a pang so great
 As that which thou inflictest now.
 Thou dost not know, but thou wouldst prove,
 The pains of disappointed love.

Smile not on me, for mem'ry wakes
 To visions that have flitted by;
 That witching smile of her partakes
 Who chained my soul's idolatry.
 Then let in fitful slumber rest
 The tortures of an anguished breast.

Smile not on me—the joys of earth,
Though countless they appear to thee,
The smile of love, the gust of mirth,
Are joyless all alike to me;
But soon this troubled dream shall close,
And I enjoy a long repose.

SOME old *Friends* from Philadelphia having come out on a visit to their former neighbors, it was proposed to amuse and entertain them by a night hunt; and as their entertainers and the entertained were all entirely ignorant of hunting in the "back woods," they proceeded, with *candles* and *pistols*, to slaughter the denizens of the forest indiscriminately, especially what venison is made of; therefore the following burlesque verses:

THE spirit of Nimrod the hunter
 Descended on David of late;
 And, tired of beef, fowl, and grunter,
 He sought other meat for his plate.

But David alone did not go, sirs,
 For with him he took chosen men;
 A few from the country below, sirs,
 And some from the city of *Penn.*

Says David, "Shoot nothing but deer, boys,
 Until we have ven'son enough;
 Then should turkeys and pheasants appear, boys,
 We'll finish with that kind of stuff."

The boys from "Old Penn" took a light, sirs,
 And pistols, to search after game;
 But a wild-cat scream put them to flight, sirs—
 The men and the dogs all the same.

Old David a 'possum was chasing,
And tumbled clear over a log ;
While some from the wild-cat were racing,
And all of them lost in the fog.

A ground-squirrel mounted a black-jack,
A woodpecker peeped from his hole ;
One laughed at the folks on the back track,
The other at old Sammy C—e.

HOME'S FIRESIDE.

IN IMITATION OF TANNEHILL'S "BURNSIDE."

THERE 's not a place on earth so dear
As our Home's Fireside,
When parents, children all draw near
To our Home's Fireside ;
When the toil-spent day is past,
And loud roars the wintry blast,
Then how sweet to get at last
By our Home's Fireside !

To meet a much-lov'd bosom friend
At our Home's Fireside,
In social glee the hours to spend
At our Home's Fireside ;
'T is the Eden of our joys,
When no serpent-vice annoys,
And our passions keep their poise,
At our Home's Fireside.

'T is wedded love's peculiar seat,
At our Home's Fireside,
Where happiness and virtue meet
At our Home's Fireside ;

When each prattler, loth to miss,
Climbs to claim the wonted kiss,
'Tis the sum of human bliss,
At our Home's Fireside.

Behold ! the debauchee and sot
Leave their Home's Fireside,
But their enjoyment 's dearly bought,
From their Home's Fireside;
For in lawless pleasure's train
Lurk the fiends Remorse and Pain ;
Who then, who would not remain
At his Home's Fireside ?

EPITAPH ON A VOCIFEROUS LAUGHER.

STOP, stranger, and weep o'er the relics of V n,
Whose thread of existence is spun ;
He laughed till his jovial companions were gone,
And died for the want of more fun.

Peace be to his shade ! and 't is hoped he may meet
With spirits congenial hereafter :
For Heaven itself would not yield him a sweet,
Unless 't would indulge him in laughter.

ON A WORTHY AND DISTINGUISHED MEM-
BER OF THE SENATE OF INDIANA.

D T is no more, but he ne'er would have died,
If his friends had the power of choosing;
For his wit, whilst it leaned to the virtuous side,
Was instructive as well as amusing.
'T was granted by all that his *speaking* was fine,
With grace and good sense to adorn it;
But the ink that he wrote with was *Spirits of Wine*,
And his pen was the sting of a hornet.

IMPROMPTU,

ON A FADED ROSE PRESENTED BY A LADY.

THUS beauty withers and decays,
And all its luster bright
Wins but a momentary gaze,
Then ceases to delight.

But virtue's never-fading bloom
I more sincerely prize ;
Its roseate hue, with rich perfume,
All-fragrant, never dies.

WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER,
ANDREW FINLEY, SEN.,

AND INSCRIBED ON HIS TOMBSTONE.*

BEREAVED of nearly every tie
Of earth, he was resigned to die:
Misfortune's sore-afflicting rod
But firmer fixed his faith in God.

* Died May 8, 1844, aged 80 years, less 2½ months.

ON MRS. ANN ELIZA PIRIE,

A STRANGER.

Died October 5, 1846, aged 45 years.

FAR from the happy scenes of youth,
 A distant Western home she sought;
 No husband's care her path to smooth,
 Nor kindred ties to cheer her lot.
 But chastened by affliction's rod,
 A bruised and solitary reed,
 She trusted in the widow's God,
 And found a friend in time of need.

IN MEMORY OF DR. ITHAMER WARNER.

Born December 26, 1782. Died March 10, 1836.

WHAT though nor wife's nor children's tears
May here be shed in kindred grief,
Yet hundreds in their lengthened years
Will bless the hand that gave relief.



